

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

P. O. Hartland,  
Via Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Africa,  
July 26th, 1920.

Dear Highway:

Yesterday was our "Big Sunday" and Mamma counted over 170 natives present. We had extra good meetings, in spite of the absence of Papa and Paul. Joeli, who is now staying with us, said, "Mother was not playing in meeting today! She lit a few lights for us!"

Perhaps you would be glad for an introduction to a few groups of those who attended. Well, this tall earnest woman on the out-skirts there is Berfa Kunena, our newest Bible woman. That little sad woman in heathen dress, to whom she is talking, is an "isangoma," or witch-doctor, who is now seeking Jesus. As you shake hands and speak a few words with her you catch the earnest, wistful look in her eyes, while she says "Pray for me that this thing sitting on my shoulders, which they call a demon, may be driven away by God's power!" "Yes," I answered, "and the friends across the ocean are also praying for you, for I have told them about you and your need." This bright young woman by her side is another of Befa's charge. You notice that already she is beginning to braid her hair about her face in preparation of the change she hopes soon to make by taking down her top knot and adopting Christian dress. She is asking that some one come to her home kraal and hold services there, as her husband has at last given his consent.

These three fine looking girls with Jostina are from across the Pivaan, Lefina, Kelina and Ada Zikalala. That little girl with the bundle on her arm came with them hoping to be baptized and wants the name of "Gertrude." Poor child, she is badly disappointed in finding "Mfundisi" (teacher) away, for her mother is dead, her big sister off to the "white man's" and she is sole cook and housekeeper for her father and it will be long e'er she finds another chance to come so far. Kelina is very slender and delicate now, and it is feared, may be in the first stages of consumption. Lefina draws near and with tears in her eyes, pleads, "Oh, please, you must find someone to come over and help us. The fever was very bad down our way—three old folks died and four little ones. We have no one to strengthen us in our sorrow and must travel far to reach even an outsider's meeting."

That tall grave man with the greying beard is Johanisi Bhekiswayo. His daughter Lydia is attending our day school now and there are twenty-nine declared seekers among his neighbors, many of whom have been greatly influenced by him in this their choice.

This group of brightly clad young people is from "Metula's," where Joseph now has charge. This stout girl is Lisaya Nkosi, the most spiritual among them, and this tall one is Milita Mutimkule, who for quite a time was teacher at her home kraal. They are surrounded up there by a very worldly set of "dressed heathen" and sorely need our prayers that they may hold true.

Up the road a little we meet Johan Maseko. He was among our fever patients in March, and is now "in service to his white man." We have heard that he has two girls, and wants to keep them both, so ask him how the matter stands. "I have only one girl now," he informs us. "Since when?" we ask. "Oh very recently this matter was fixed." "Well, we are glad to hear it, and pray the Lord will keep you true!" On further inquiry we learn that there are several Christians all working for this white man; they have their testaments with them; and have evening prayers together.

Ziba Maseko, that tall fellow with the wild looking eyes, is working in Paulpietersburg, and came in this morning just for the services. He must go back tonight, completing a 40 mile walk just for the chance of being with us this "Big Sunday." We learn that he attends evening school and Sunday services at "Jonson's" Swedish Holiness Mission, and is making good progress. He wants a testament and singing book to take back with him and I encourage him to take one of these "Daily Lights" too. There are so few Zulu Bible helps that they greatly appreciate any we can offer them.

When we first came here there were few willing to listen to the gospel story. Their hardness of heart, at times, seemed very discouraging. Now all this has changed, and it is very seldom that one spoken to does not declare his intention of being a Christian sooner or later. Kraals on every side of us, have, one after the other, opened their gates till a closed one is the exception rather than the rule, and recent sickness and death have done much lately to hasten this.

Our wily enemy has thus completely reversed his tactics. Now he is raising up on every side, so called churches, which "make wide the Gate and Way of Life" so a heathen need leave nothing of his old customs save dress and heathen burial, just go to meeting, dress, sing and pray and keep on with all the old practises and sins.

The weak ones are gathered one by one into the enemy's fold, and many who, had they received the true light, could have been saved are being deceived and lead away to destruction.

More than ever before in the history of this, your mission work, today we need your prayers.

Yours in the Master's service,  
FAITH SANDERS.

Balmoral Mission Station,  
Natal, Aug. 3rd, 1920.

Dear Highway:

The Natal Missionary Conference convenes annually, either at Durban or Martzburg. This season, after four years' absence, I had the great privilege of attending.

The South African Missionary Conferences, held once in two years, meets at Durban next July near the date of the Natal Conference. How I would like to be there!

After my four years isolation, it was refreshing to meet and commune with newly arrived missionaries as well as those one had met in former years.

Paul went with me and we were away

fifteen days. Some said I would have a rest, but I knew better. Every minute was full, and I came home more tired than I went away. A change, however, does one good, and I returned with refreshed courage and faith.

A missionary and wife had just arrived from their furlough in England, bringing with them two lady helpers, one a trained nurse, the other to take charge of the cooking at the station and teach the native girls this important art. It was easy to see they might have like reinforcements. I thanked the Lord anew for the prospect of those you are so soon sending to share our burdens.

I was reintroduced to a tired looking woman, whom I had met seventeen years ago as an earnest girl just entering missionary work. She married and went to a very unhealthy station, where malaria and pneumonia have sapped her vitality and repeatedly brought her to death's door.

So many had just returned from their home lands on furlough, or were now in Durban on their way home, that I quite caught the furlough fever, and am now longing to see you all.

All the societies I know of, except ours, have regular set periods from two years to eight, according to the unhealthfulness of the climate, for their missionaries to labor between furloughs. They have learned that it pays them financially to thus conserve the health of their trained workers.

It is now nearly nine years since we left Canada and we presume you will invite us to have a furlough as soon as the outgoing helpers have learned the language and customs of the Zulus and qualified to take charge.

News from German East Africa stirred our hearts—there the fields are white to the harvest and the labourers few. A friend from Rhodesia told what he had seen during his labours there. Only the fringe has been touched by missionary effort. There are other great needs I will not mention. I admit that I greatly desire to go to these regions beyond.

But upon sober consideration it seems that our work is here. So many are constantly turning to the Lord. Last Sunday, across the Pongola, five adults made a start in our regular communion service. Such ones seldom fail to press on until they find the Saviour. Three children were brought to Jesus, their parents taking the usual vows. But Mrs. Sanders, who went with me, may tell you of the day.

It seems that our work never was going half so fast before. From all quarters, new seekers are coming forward. Mrs. Sanders and I have appointments at far away outposts for next Sunday, she going in one direction and I in another, while your other missionaries hold the fort at home. The following Sunday again some of us visit other outpost work.

Faith keeps the record of names and will some day surprise you all with a report of the large numbers turning to our Saviour.

While in Durban, the Lord used your humble servant in preaching to Europeans, Zulus and half casts, not together as these "casts" do not mix in religious services.

(Continued on page three)